

# The Philosophy Of Horror

Jedi Mind Tricks

I was Albert Eiensteins mind, I was Italy's fine wine  
I was working with God when he defined time  
I was there when the guns first let off  
There when they cut King Charles head off  
There when the CIA battled the crack  
And the tradgedy and triumph of Jeranamo Pratt  
Punch a faggot til his nose bleed heavy  
Dead'em all then I escape in green chevy  
I merk your wisdom, spit a dart at you to hurt your wisdom  
Put you in the worst position in a turkish prison  
Yeah... and my intention is to waste y'all  
And cover your body with stitches like a baseball  
I fucking lace y'all with the word of the sword  
And leaving you bleeding in a ditch while you serving the lord  
You deserve to be mauled by an army of bees  
Just another faggot dead in his army fatigues

Fuck ya crucifix, your religion and its uselessness  
Your propaganda is more wickeder than luciphers  
Islamic scientists predicted the computer chips  
I spit a rap at you to rock you like Medusa's lips  
You fucking goons are sick, and y'all can see that  
and y'all are my sons like Ebrahim and Eshak  
So lets take a walk through the tivist town  
I'm the diven science of the light and the sound  
I'm the sublime giant with the right to the crown  
I'm the divine tyrant and I'm striking you down  
So I teach my kin to attack the beast  
For trying to hide me from the 4th book of Makavis  
You wack MC's catch a hook to the head  
Cause y'all don't know about the tibetan book of the dead  
You don't know about anything that's important  
About the dead sea scrolls found in Jordan  
About the way that you conduct yourself in Satan's wratch  
But I don't fuck with you, you walking down the pagan's path

[Vinnie Paz]

I'm a swordsmen, the apocolypse horsemen  
What makes me smile is another's misfortune  
I like to see your body in flames scortchin'  
I like to see a part of your brain auctioned  
I like to see inside of your main organs  
I like to see inside of your veins pourin'  
I find beauty in another's pain  
I find beauty in the spirit of god but I don't fuckin' change  
I find serenity in torture  
My thoughts are too pure for the human mind to author  
Its called God Consciousness  
Its a level beyond the gods marred thoughtlessness  
I stay ready for the combat  
While the ignorant praying and they wondering where they god at..  
I stay ready for the combat  
While the ignorant praying and they wondering where they god at